



A PRETTY GRAY VELVET HAT AND COLLA BETTE TO MATCH.

STYLES FOR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

Here Are Some of the New and Beautiful Neck Ornaments You Will See This Week.

NEW YORK, December 9.—There is a great deal of style to be seen in the shops these days—not only in the beautiful things that are sold, but in the garments that are worn by the women who are doing the shopping.

You cannot go shopping without meeting "everybody you know," and no New York woman of spirit starts out in an old gown. She does not wear her entire "best" by any means, for her smartness is reserved for her hat and her neckwear.

All the New York stores have parlors in which a woman can step in and remove her hat and her coat. A maid is there to take charge of the things, and she keeps them until midday is ready to put them on again and sally out into the street. To look well while she is bargaining with her friends over the Christmas counter, she puts on a smart tie, and, of course, her hat is a model of beautiful perfection.

THE SMARTEST SHOPPER.

The Rough Rider girl shopper is the smartest of all these days, for she is exquisitely neat in her dress. She wears, like as not, even though it is winter, a shirt waist of some wash goods, for she disdains the heavy woolen styles. Her collar is extremely tall—so tall that she wonders why it does not choke her to death. Her tie is one of two. If she is a gay, joyous girl she wears a plaid tie; but if she is sorrowing for a Rough Rider who has heard the sound of the bugle for the last time, she chooses a very broad tie of black satin silk, which she knots with two loops and ends over her collar button. She leaves it so high that it does not show the button, for it has a very large, full bow, which she makes herself.

Her hat is the regulation Rough Rider hat of gray or brown felt, too plain to need trimming, for it is not even trimmed with a quill, and has only the two crossed swords in front.

The very artistic matron must have a Medici collar, for she knows it lends great dignity to her face; and, moreover, the Medici is made fashionable by Lady

Curzon, who invariably wears one. All of her new gowns are made with the high Medici collar. The newest Medici is called the Lady Curzon collar. It is six inches tall and terminates at the shoulder seams on each side. It is then lined with one of the many varieties of brilliant silk to harmonize with the outside, which is made of the dress material. Inside the collar is a very broad silk tie which is twisted around the neck until it is a choker, and is then tied in a knot in front.

One of the most beautiful hats is the Lady Curzon hat. It is of felt, turned up on one side very high, and lined with velvet. A tall crown of velvet is a favorite shape. On top of the hat is a bunch composed of half a dozen American Beauties of immense size, and this bunch is duplicated under the hat brim. It is a very becoming hat, especially when worn with a plain corsage.

An always becoming style of neckwear is the tulle bow which this season is fastened upon the front of a velvet stock. The bow is very voluminous, indeed, having eight or ten loops or ends to it, all of which are of equal length. They fly freely under the chin without apparent order. The bow is made of white, with black stripes, or blue and white, or any kind of fancy tulle or chiffon. This is sewed to the front of the stock, which is hooked under the chin.

The hat worn with this is a big, round one placed upon the side of the head, with a crown of velvet and two long waving plumes which are caught under a big gold buckle.

Tulle of all kinds is used for the neck, and one of the smartest sticks was made entirely of pale blue tulle, sewed to a plain band of velvet. The band was stiff, and very tall.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

For a Christmas present you cannot do better, if you do not want to step outside the limits of a dollar or so, than to buy one of these tall, stiff velvet stocks with a large tulle bow in front. At a bargain sale, on a fortunate day, you can get these for fifty or sixty cents, but be careful that your materials

are good, for you know, as you decrease in price, you are apt to decrease in material. And, by the way, did you ever see Christmas gifts as alluring as they are this year? They are absolutely fascinating, and fairly tempt the money out of one's pockets. It is well to be early, for a little later everything may be a little worn, from the constant handling of the shoppers and the early buyer gets more for her money than the one who leaves her purchases to the last.

It is said that the war has greatly brought down the prices of articles, for the manufacturers realizing the wave of prosperity that would follow have flooded the market, and that you can buy for a dollar a great many more things this year than you could get last year for that price. Whatever may be the political explanation—and we women will not go into that—we can only remark that the Christmas shops are absolutely tempting.

WHERE TO BUY.
The best day to shop is the bargain day in this city, for conscientious dealers never advertise bargains unless they have them; and by reading carefully the advertising columns you can know just where to get the best articles at the most advantageous prices.

Many of these advertisements give the actual figures, and where there is not quite space enough to do so, the articles are set forth in such a fashion that you can get an idea of exactly what you want.

One of the cleverest women in New York has a habit of reading the advertisements out of the daily papers and pasting them in a little book, which she calls her "shopping book." The slips are removable, so that every week she has a new book.

The folded ribbon stock is still fashionable. Get a ribbon three times too wide for the neck and fold it over a stiff piece of crinoline. Hook the crinoline at the back and make your ribbon into a bow. This is the newest way to make your collar stand up and it really is more becoming. For a belt get very wide ribbon and crumple it down to an inch. This is the extreme of fashion.

They are still trimming fashionable hats with ostrich plumes. Discouraging, isn't it, when you know that a single plume costs \$2? But an ostrich plume is always a good investment, and you can dye and recur it and use it again next year.

ABOUT ECONOMY.
Economy is a good thing and no one will regret it but why talk about it at this time of year when everything is so beautiful and the gift season at hand too? If you are limited, purchase those things which you know you must have during the year. Buy for the family all sorts of linen goods and underwear, night shirts, socks and useful articles. All will be glad to get them. Perhaps more glad than to receive something senseless. And for your other friends get useful articles combined with beautiful ones.

I know a New York woman who invariably gives her sister a very pretty hat. It has come to be a family affair, and from a thing of ridicule at first, it has become a greatly enjoyed article. One sister enjoys the buying, the other one enjoys the wearing. It is all trimmed after the latest fashion and matches the wearer's smartest dress. Just think what a delightful yuletide gift. A brand new hat for Christmas!

And, by the way, have you seen the new tilted hats the shops are showing?

HELEN WARD.

Mount Hood's Winter Headgear.

The clouds cleared away yesterday morning to afford the public and such strangers as are sojourning within the city, a gates a view of the snow peaks that ought to go down to history. Mount Hood wore a fresh ermine mantle and a cap of filmy lace that proved on inspection with a telescope to be a flurry of particles of snow whirled about in the wind till they partially obscured the summit. The velocity of the gale that was blowing up there and the temperature of the air could be readily conjectured, and every one was willing to take it out in conjecturing. Mount Hood, seen through the purified November air, is a grand spectacle, especially when lit with almost impossible colors in the sunset glow, but it is not a hospitable home for man or fowl when arrayed in that icy headgear.—Portland Oregonian.

ART OF GIVING AT CHRISTMAS.

Not So Much What We Give But How We Give It.

ALMOST A MATTER OF EXCHANGE.

Do We Always Give Most to Those We Love Most—Let Your Gift Be a Personal One, If Possible—Direct it in Your Own Hand.

Sometimes we older ones think it must be a mistake, that saying of the children—"Christmas comes but once a year." Surely it must come twice as often as formerly, nevertheless we know in our hearts it isn't time that goes so much faster, but the trouble lies in our trying

HATS FOR THE XMAS HOLIDAYS.

Miss Goodwin Describes the Very Newest Parisian Designs.

SKETCHED FROM PARIS MODELS.

Young Girls Wear Chic Little Bonnets But Matrons Affect Plumes—The Round Soft French Turban.

Fixing the Hair.

PARIS, Dec. 1.—The New Year is going to be very kind to the matron, for it allows her to wear a big picture hat which conceals her years to a remarkable extent. Lines are softened, color is subdued, the face is made just shadowy enough and there is grace under the brim of a big hat that is waving with ostrich plumes.

Young girls, on the contrary, are wearing the small cloth toque, set well back upon the head, and the chic little felt hat with its bow and quill.

The hair is exquisitely waved with

these little hats and the young lady's head suggests a very pretty fashion plate. At no time does "grooming" show so plainly as in the wearing of these little hats, for the hair is so very much a part of the hat.

FIXING THE HAIR.

The direction which a certain Paris milliner gives her customers is that the hair is to be shampooed once a fortnight—though hairdressers say that is too often—and brushed daily with a very soft brush.

It is waved often enough to keep it in shape and is made shiny with a brilliant preparation which is applied to the waves with a tooth brush. Nights the

girl sleeps in a silk cap lined with sachet powder, and daytimes her head is fragrant as a violet. The hat, itself, when not worn, is kept in a violet case, which makes it a thing sweet and feminine. So much for the hatted culture of the Paris winter girl!

One of the newest ideas in millinery is the making of the hat out of a piece of cloth to match the dress.

At a small "afternoon" a young debutante, who was making her initial series of calls, in company with her mother, wore a hat of cloth made on the turban shape.

A CLOTH TURBAN.
The turban was one of these with a

creased crown giving an opportunity for many folds. It was only large enough for the crown of the head and was designed to be worn well back from the face.

The material with which the hat was covered was a speckled novelty goods to match the girl's skirt which was in no way expensive. After the turban crown was covered the hat was finished with the simplest little decoration.

You see so many hats of felt, worn far back upon the head, and trimmed with a very long waving feather, or plume, which is fastened directly upon the front so as to sweep the back of the hat in very effective fashion. The hat is trimmed with its folds of cloth.

One of the prettiest of hats for a matron was of green felt of dignified shape, very regularly bent and worn squarely over the forehead. Its only trimming was two very long ostrich plumes which were laid loosely around the crown so as to meet at the back with a sweep. The feathers were secured by a big pin or buckle of rhinestones which sat squarely at one side.

Though this hat was apparently simple it was expensive, for the feathers cost not less than five American dollars each which, rendered into francs, means a tidy sum.

Speaking of ostrich feathers the expensive ones now come from the South African feather farms. They are double in rows of curling feathers, and when stretched flat they do not crack upon the ends. They are very glossy and are worn with only the natural curl.



HOW TO MAKE A STOCK.

to crowd two days' work and play into one, with the result that life is a rush, a hurrying and scurrying to get through with this in order to begin on that, and the old restfulness of quiet living seems yearly to be a part of the past, to belong to the "days that are no more."

That we live keyed up to too high a pitch is perhaps one of the reasons we rather dread the coming of what once in our lives we looked forward to with all the abandon of childhood, but which now suggests mostly work and worry, and that hardest of all endeavors

I was at a friend's house one Christmas Eve and while she was very busy tying up her little remembrances of the day, in dainty parcels, some wrapped in white, some in pink paper and tied with narrow ribbons to match, a package was brought in addressed to her from one of the large stores in the city. The bundle was carefully wrapped, and thinking it had been delivered by mistake she started to send it back when the servant reappeared with a folded card which the man who brought the bundle had failed to deliver. "The gentleman at the store forgot to put it in," said the ser-

vant, and as the name was read my friend's face flushed—she looked at the article and put it aside without a comment. I perfectly well understood that she would rather have had no gift than one delivered in such a way. There was no suggestion of the season about it, no wish for a happy day, no care or thought displayed in its selection. It had been bought solely and simply because the sender was in the habit of sending a gift at Christmas. It was a duty to be gotten through, and with as little inconvenience as possible. The article had been purchased at the store and ordered to be sent up on Christmas Eve, and a card left to be inclosed. Perhaps it was the stylish way of presenting a gift, but it wasn't the way of love, and she to whom it was sent, felt keenly the manner of sending. She was not a rich woman—she belonged to that vast, vast throng who have to struggle hard to keep up that pitiful thing—appearances! And there were so many things that could have been given which would have filled a need and been a pleasure as well, and the gift that was sent her was a very elaborate and quite costly jewelry box! To my certain knowledge she did not possess three pieces of jewelry besides her watch, and the case was rather a mockery. Truly, I thought the giver of this as not yet learned the art of giving!

THE MANNER OF GIVING.
Perhaps we do not realize it, though unconsciously we feel it, that it is not what we do, but how we do it, that makes its value real. A little thought, a little love, an evident desire to get that thing which the recipient would be pleased to have, or which is suggestive of their particular taste, marks an individuality in giving, makes it something more than a matter of Christmas business, and causes a thrill in the receiver, and a fulness in the throat some times, for the love that prompts it makes it dear, and only through love should these Christmas thoughts be sent.

There are two or three little things we should always remember about giving. One of them is, let your gift be a personal matter if possible. If the package is one that you can wrap up, do it yourself, in nice fresh paper as gratifying for it, or narrow ribbon if possible. Direct it yourself and see that it reaches its recipient at the proper time, and in a complimentary manner. Never let your gift at Christmas be delivered by a store porter, unless it is too large to be sent otherwise—this of course does not apply to flowers or gifts of like perishable nature. Enclose your card always, and though some people may think it less elegant to write a Christmas wish upon it, that is entirely a matter of taste and love, and depends upon the person sending and to whom sent.

On general principles one should be grateful for a gift, but it is undoubtedly true that we are not always so, for all gifts are not compliments. When a person of means, who can afford to do otherwise, sends a remembrance that is cheap, and inappropriate, or undesirable, it requires more religion than some of us possess to imagine we are grateful for it, and we ought not to try to be. Good taste even more than an expenditure of money, is a requisite of the art of giving and the individuality of the recipient is a matter to be considered as well as that of the sender. Something that is useful is no doubt hard to find, but we can find it, if we will only spend a little time and thought in trying.

CHILDREN NOTICE IT.
To imagine that children do not notice the manner of doing is a great mistake, and though they cannot always unravel the difference, they are conscious of it, and are conscious of it. I knew two little children once whose mother had

died when they most needed her love and care, and their aunt, a good, cold honest, unsympathetic woman undertook to disabuse their little minds of the dear old Christmas stories of Santa Claus and all the wonderful possibilities which his name suggests, and in blank dumb amazement they listened but refused to believe.

When Christmas Eve came they hung up their stockings as usual when mother and Santa Claus had filled them so lovingly, but when the morning they waked and found the little stockings still empty, and on a chair some practical gifts of shoes and mittens and leggings, the little girl turned to her brother, hardly a year older than herself and sobbed out in his arms all the heartache and disappointment and blankness which she no longer could keep to herself. "I don't mind not having the doll and the candy and your sled and the pop-crackers," she sobbed, "but if only mother and Santa Claus hadn't forgot about the stockings and had just put a little bit of anything in them, I don't guess Santa Claus will ever come back any more, for mother isn't here to tell him about us, and Aunt Mary don't think its worth while."

Poor little hungry heart! It wasn't so much the gifts she was missing—she was not used to much, but it was the way they had been fixed for them before.

They missed the mother-love that prepared for them the little surprises, and had bundles for them to unwrap and exclaim over, and little bits of unusual things for them to play with, and now no body thought it worth while! If we would only not forget that it is worth while to do the little things that mean so much, perhaps there would be less for us to remember with bitter tears some day.

These practical gifts of the children cost more money, perhaps, than the others, but the little hearts couldn't glow and be merry over shoes and mittens and leggings. A little extravagance now and then is a wise expenditure. He who can make another happy for even a day by a little remembrance of love, a little token of appreciation of another's peculiar taste, has done a good work, and now as this holiday season approaches again, it would be well for us all to remember that the true spirit of giving is not so much in what we give as in how we give it, and if we have gifts to send we should not fail to

Wrap them in bundles of love, and take care. To tie them with ribbons of taste. Send them with bearer of good Christmas cheer. Or our jewels might prove but of paste. KATE CARNES.



LADY CURZON HAT AND COLLA

THE TULLE BOW AND THE TILTED HAT.